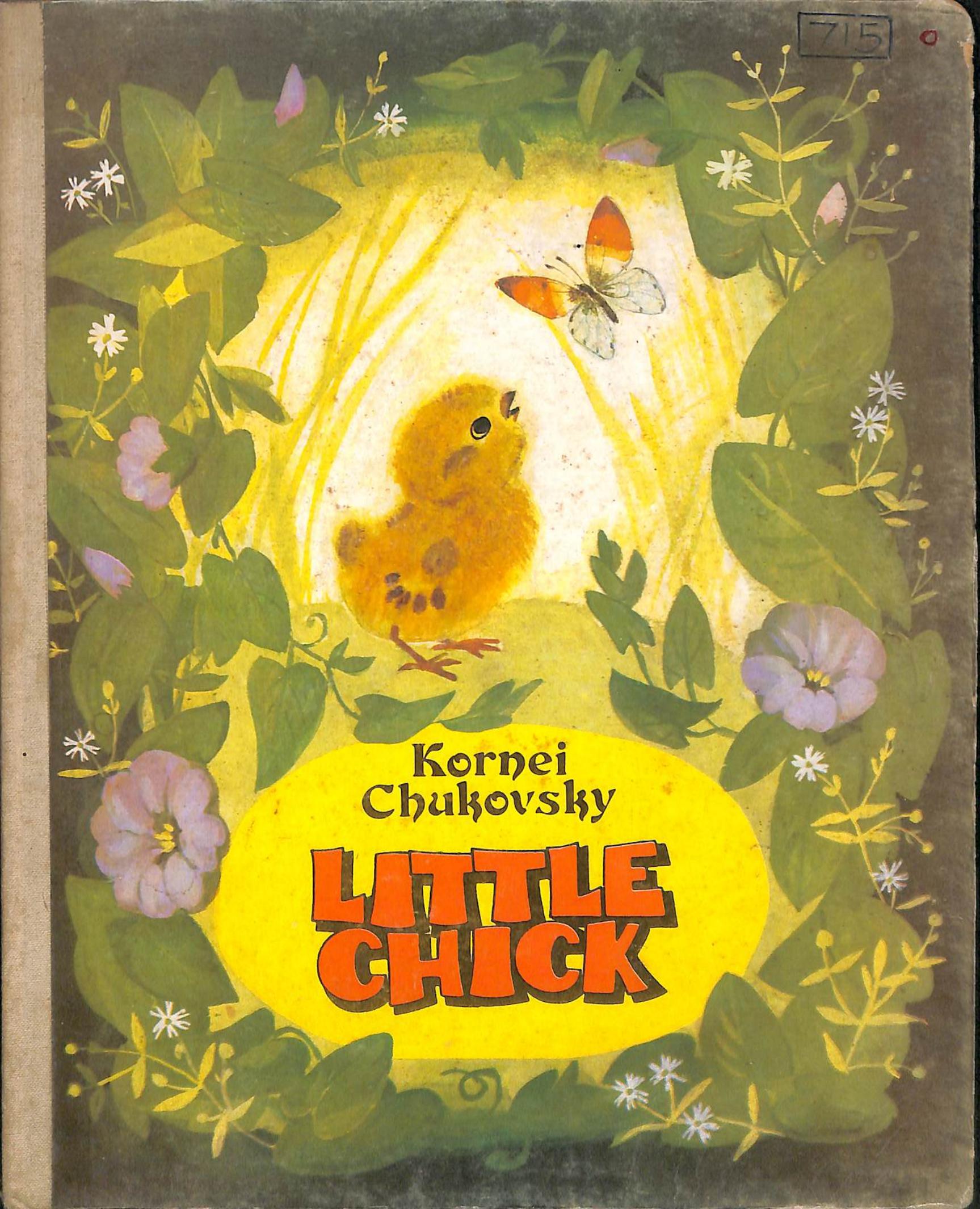


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Kornei  
Chukovsky

# LITTLE CHICK

Once upon a time in a farmyard lived Little Chick. He looked like this:



He was only little, but he thought he was ever so big. He used to cock his head cheekily, just like this:



Mother Hen loved Little Chick dearly. She looked just like this:



Mother Hen fed Little Chick with worms. The worms looked just like this:



One day along came Black Cat and chased Mother Hen from the farmyard. Black Cat looked just like this:



Little Chick was left all alone by the fence. Suddenly he saw a big, handsome cockerel fly onto the fence. The cockerel craned his neck, just like this:

At the top of his voice he crowed:  
“Cock-a-doodle-doo!” He looked  
around importantly as if to say:  
“Ain’t I a dashing fellow? Ain’t I a fine  
young fellow?”



Little Chick was very impressed. He, too, craned his neck, just like this:



With all his might and main he squeaked: "Cheep, cheep, cheep! I'm a dashing fellow, too! I'm a fine young fellow, too!" But he tripped over and fell—plop—into a puddle. Just like this:



In the puddle sat a frog. When she saw him, she burst out laughing: "Ha-ha-ha! Ho-ho-ho! You've still a long way to grow!" The frog looked just like this:



Mother Hen came running to Little Chick. She took him under her wing to comfort him, just like this:





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LITTLE CHICK

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